

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

## PAPER DOLLS.

How They Are Made and How a Lot of Fun May Be Had With Them.

Many years ago paper dolls were not made in such elaborate and beautiful styles as they are now. And they were much more expensive. Today, for a cent or perhaps for a dime, you can buy a handsomely illustrated lady or gentleman or boy or girl, each with a collection of costumes of various sorts. So we do not have as much fun cutting paper dolls of newspapers as we used to do.

In those days, on a rainy afternoon, when other amusements failed, mamma would take a newspaper and cut a long strip, the length of the paper and perhaps 4 to 6 inches wide. This she folded once in the middle, then again in the middle, and again, until the strip was folded many times. Then she cut from this what looked like one paper girl until you opened the strip of paper, when a whole row of paper children appeared, looking like this:



Or this:



These dolls, as you see, or as some of you who have seen them before know, can be cut in all kinds of shapes and sizes. Big boys and little, tiny girls and grown up women, soldiers with guns and sailors can be had, all with their hands clasped together, if you cut them the proper way, and while regiments just alike.

Then sometimes we fastened the hands of the end dolls, and, behold, a ring of them, which could be made to stand upon the floor! And this amused boys so much that presently the floor was covered with dancing rings of boys and girls, until baby, eager for new fun, blew them over or kicked them down with her restless little feet.

Then there were big, comical creatures, that were cut out to stick upon the ceiling and dance. A long, queer, paper man or a fat woman was made and the top, to this was tied a cotton thread, and the other end of the thread was fastened to a scientifically made spool. We became quite expert in the manufacture of just the proper kind, shape and size of the spools. They had to be of a good size and chiseled soft enough to stick well if they were intended to hold up a good sized dancer.

These we threw up, with unerring aim, climbing upon chairs, beds or anything else that came handy in order to reach better. One after another of our paper creatures was thrown up until they stuck fast to the ceiling and hung there. Then somebody made them dance for the amusement of the younger fry. If Jack or Charlie were the showman, he took a fan and used it with such good force that our dancing paper men and women danced and waved about in fine style. Sometimes we suspended them over the registers to make them dance, and sometimes we opened and closed the registers, produced a good effect in making the dancers perform their gyrations.

**My Pony.**  
A pony's neck I've just seen,  
But he'll carry me the moon.  
From the earth to the sky,  
In the wink of an eye.  
And carry me home so soon,  
From the moon to the sun.  
Hot nothings we stroll,  
From the moon to the sun.  
The trip occupies but a minute,  
But in winter there's greater fun  
At the equator.  
So I skip to the moon and jump in it.

**My Pony Likes Water.**  
An any horse oughter,  
And calls on the highway,  
In Eskimo kayaks  
Or in prose with dyaks  
Just wherever he thinks will suit me.  
We're no time to tire,  
There's no time to admire  
In the strange, far-off lands that we roam,  
With the sun and the moon,  
And other odd things,  
Till supper time comes to home.

**We sample all climates.**  
And even past time it's  
To also to live over again.  
So we help the crusaders,  
Lick the pirates,  
Or sell with Columbus from Spain.  
And say good-bye to  
For live without clover or clover.  
Your pony's named Noddy,  
Your pony's named Noddy,  
Well, my pony's named Noddy,  
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quitting Bee."

**Water and Ink Trick.**  
Fill a couple of wineglasses with water.  
To the one add a very small pinch of sulphate of iron and to the other a still smaller quantity of tannic acid. Stir each well, preferably with a glass rod or bone spoon, but not using the same rod or spoon for both glasses. Each liquid is colorless, but if you take a tumbler and pour the one into the other the resultant liquid will be opaque and black as ink, which, in fact, in a diluted form, it actually is. Now add a pinch of oxalic acid and again stir. The black will gradually disappear, the liquid becoming clear and colorless, as at first.

**Birdie's Bath.**  
The canary had finished his bath and flown to the perch when little Jennie called to her aunt, "He's ready for the towel now, auntie." "Youth's Companion."

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Sofas with neatness.

## TALLER MADE Gowns.

The class of gowns which are most needed in the very early spring, says a New York letter, is the simple, tailor-made type—light and airy. The very latest fashions are the best, the most neither tight-fitting nor at all loose, just easy, but with a wrinkle and cut either double breasted, turned away slightly at the throat to show the linen collar or the fancy stock of the bodice beneath or else open fronted over a narrow waistband. This, with a silk lined, perfectly hanging skirt, is all that can be desired, and a good sum of money expended on a first class quality of material, a silk lining that is new not an extravagance, is far and away a better choice than to fritter twice this amount away in haphazard purchases which in the long run bring no such result for the money as the first seemingly expensive gown.

One of the latest fashions is the gown made of the new material, which is prepared in a new way, so as to be easily folded. The most beautiful varieties of marble are imitated in such a manner that the exposure is not to be detected after a close examination.

The size is attached to the wall by a small inverted for the purpose. The surface of the size is covered so as to be easily folded. This is a new form of marble, and the material is made in a great variety of patterns. It is used for this new department in decorative material that while it is as permanent as tiles or marble it is much cheaper and can be as easily put in place as a new wall paper. It can be applied, too, to any surface, whether flat, broken or round, and any heading, etc., can be imitated on a panel—Decorative and Faintish.

**Only an Incident.**  
A few days ago I visited a large foundry on the West Side which turns out drop forgings of all kinds and heavy castings. I noticed several Polish girls cutting circles across the foundry, taking the rosin out of one barrel and depositing it in another.

"I don't understand the necessity for this," I remarked.

"It is done in order to harden the girls' hands, so that they can handle castings," the foreman explained. "If you really want to transfer the rosin, a half dozen men could roll those barrels into place in five minutes. The girls are not intelligent enough to understand why they are carrying the rosin about like this. Every one of them imagines that we want the rosin transferred and that there is no other way to do it than to carry it across the room piece by piece."

**Time-Herald.**

**A Room For Quoters.**  
Passing along a quiet suburban street recently, a city visitor saw a card in a window bearing this notice:

"Bathes cared for while mothers attend church, business or go shopping. Charges moderate."

The stranger stepped in to acquire some information about a business so new to her and met by a pleasant-faced woman, who ushered her into the room where she was caring for three or four children. Two were quite young babies and lay in a crib, contentedly nursing bottles. The woman said that scarcely a day passed without her having at least one child to care for and often as many as six, from small babies to children of 5 years and older. The mothers brought food for them and paid 5 cents an hour through the day, 10 cents an hour through the evening, thus gaining leisure to attend church, fairs, picnics and theaters.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Clever Captain Clark.**

Miss Elizabeth M. Clark, or, as she is known in the Salvation Army, Captain Clark, is a rather remarkable young woman quite apart from her connection with the Salvationists. She is a great-niece of Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal house of bishops, and is the daughter of a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed church. She prepared for college at Wellesley, spent three years at Bryn Mawr and then went abroad and entered the University of Zurich, where she devoted herself to the study of Teutonic philology. While there she met General Booth and had her interest aroused in the Army, although she did not join it until some time later. She does editorial work on Army publications in addition to her other duties.

**The German Emperor.**

The German Emperor says that almost all the morning dresses worn by the German empress are made at home, and her majesty in this way is able to economize greatly. When in private, she likes to be dressed as simply as possible, and her favorite costume is a large hat, with a pretty blouse and a simple straw hat. She has, however, one great trial, and that is a tendency to grow stout. For herself it would not matter, but the emperor has a horror of having a fat wife, and the poor empress is obliged to diet herself and to wear clothes much too tight for her. This is said to be the greatest trial of her life, as the emperor is always advising her what to do and insists upon her taking an immense amount of exercise. Her majesty, however, has still a slender figure, and she is less stout than she was a year ago.

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## THE NATION'S FLOWER.

O columbine, O columbine,  
Columbia's flower of fair design,  
Thy trumpet, trumpet, red, white and blue,  
Sings freedom's song each year anew,  
And, raised above the central shaft,  
Forever on the banner wave,  
"E pluribus unum," for each blade,  
Thus centered, makes the nation great.

O eagle flower, forth from the rock  
Thou springest after winter's shock  
And with thy wings flying clear  
In strength and beauty meet'st the year.  
America's broad land thy home,  
From mountain peak to ocean's foam,  
Eagle and dove in one, the sign  
Of our fair country, Columbia!

—H. H. Motz in New York Sun.

## HATS IN PARLIAMENT.

They Are Important Factors in the Brit  
ish Lower House.

Of all the customs and traditions that still cling to the house of commons, even in this matter of fact age, the hat plays the most important part. It is the last century cap of the speaker's permitted the introduction of oranges and even nuts, if they were not loudly cracked, on the plea that they were not "tangible articles of food." But, some years after, this decision was reversed by another speaker, who, on high medical authority, declared that as it would be possible to support life on either of these two vegetables, they must be considered tangible products, and their public consumption would, therefore, not be permitted. Out of this decision a custom arose, which, not being checked, slowly deepened into a tradition. The dexterity which Bobby Lowe exhibited in transferring a packet of sandwiches from one of the side pockets of the remarkable coat he used to adorn to the interior of his hat and the way in which he would use his headgear to conceal the process of mastication were, it is said, sights to behold.

The occupants of the ministerial and front opposition benches are able to moisten their throats during the delivery of a speech with a little liquid, but, although the private member is not expressly excluded from the participation in this privilege, no provision is made for the consumption of any lubricant he may require. The traditions of the house allow him to conceal a sandwich or a biscuit in his pocket, but not a bottle. Any honorable member may have a glass of water, but, while the leading members of the opposition have the great central table on which to deposit their glasses of water—which is not supposed to be qualified by the introduction of any other liquid, about the private member is expected to take his glass in his hat.

It is really astonishing what an important factor the hat plays in the deliberations of our legislators. As a private member can claim by right any particular seat in the house, except in a few cases where members are tacitly allowed to appropriate certain points of vantage, a hat has to be deposited beforehand as an intimation that the seat is secured. On ordinary nights a seat can be retained by a card being inserted in the slip provided at the back of each seat for that purpose, but when a debate of more than usual interest is expected the hat is the medium employed.—London Mail.

**Just a Little of the Gravy.**

An ex-Confederate soldier of South Carolina tells this story to a writer in the Detroit Journal: "I had a friend who was a chaplain in our army—a good man, as such men should be. Several of his own church members were in the same regiment. He kept a sharp eye on us, and tried to train us in the way we should go. And, when we were rather slow for reasons, some of the boys brought in a fine young porcupine. 'Now, boys, that's wrong,' said he. 'It is simply stealing. You ought not to do it.'"

"Well, our consciences don't trouble us, and yours won't trouble you when we get this meat cooked. You will want some of it too."

"No, I won't eat it. I'd as soon eat stolen meat."

"But we divided it up among the boys and proceeded to cook a ham in the best possible style. The smell of it fairly made our teeth water, and when it was cooked we were sure that ready for it."

"There's a fine piece. Cut that off for the chaplain," said one.

"No, I thank you," said he. "I said I wouldn't eat it, and I won't, but—passing up his plate—I'll take a little of the gravy."

**As Bad as That?**

"Who shall presume coming again," asks a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, "that the busiest city in the world harbors women who pursue what as the chief duty of life, who screw up their household finances to the tightest possible point in order to pay an expert \$3 an hour for instruction in its sacred code, who must over card tables at 9 o'clock in the morning, hurry up their marketing and hush up their children in order to attend what luncheons at 1, come home again with vexed and worried brains to sit silent at dinner, absorb in regrets for leads unreturned and signals unanswered, and wind up the unregenerate day by lingering over a whist table until midnight?"

**Foxy Fred.**

"So you want to marry Fred, do you?" said the father.

"Yes, papa," replied the daughter, with her arms about his neck.

"And go away and leave me all alone?"

"Why, no, papa! I know Fred will be willing to leave mamma with you!" —Yonkers Statesman.

**It is a peculiarity of Russian railways**

that their stations are generally two miles or more distant from the town and villages they serve. This is said to be on account of the danger of fire, the houses in small places generally being thatched with straw.

The royal arsenal at Woolwich employs about 13,000 workmen and has 40 miles of internal railways.

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## —AND A—

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